

THE MENTOR



OCTOBER, 1920

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LEARN ONE THING
EVERY DAY

THIRTY FIVE CENTS A COPY

AMERICA'S WONDER WATERWAY

By JOHN BERNARD TERNS

Little they know of their Inland Seas where treasure-vessels fare,
Richer than ever Viking's prize or galleon's cargo rare,
Who weave fond dreams of the storied mains and seek King Commerce
there.

Straight from America's heart surge forth his broad, blue, busy aisles,—
Mighty, magnificent, grand Great Lakes! War's scene of other whiles,—
Shining away through the thriving lands for ninety thousand miles!

Here where the Red Man's crude pirogue dared first the storming stream,
Transports of Fortune, two thousand strong, the proud, steel freighters
steam;

And the moon marks out a Path of Gold to match their cargoes' gleam.

There at the end of the Path of Gold where curves the coastal line,—
Stored mead and hill with the wealth of mill, forest and farm and mine,—
Lie the Eight Great States that are Mammon's Land, the Nabob's
modern shrine!

Ye have heard men tell—have ye felt the spell?—of the Great Lakes'
grand expanse,
Nowhere on earth or in dreamers' dreams do bluer waters dance!
Search where ye please—on the Inland Seas shall ye come to the true
romance!

From "Waterway Tales," published by the D. & C. Nav. Co.

THE MENTOR

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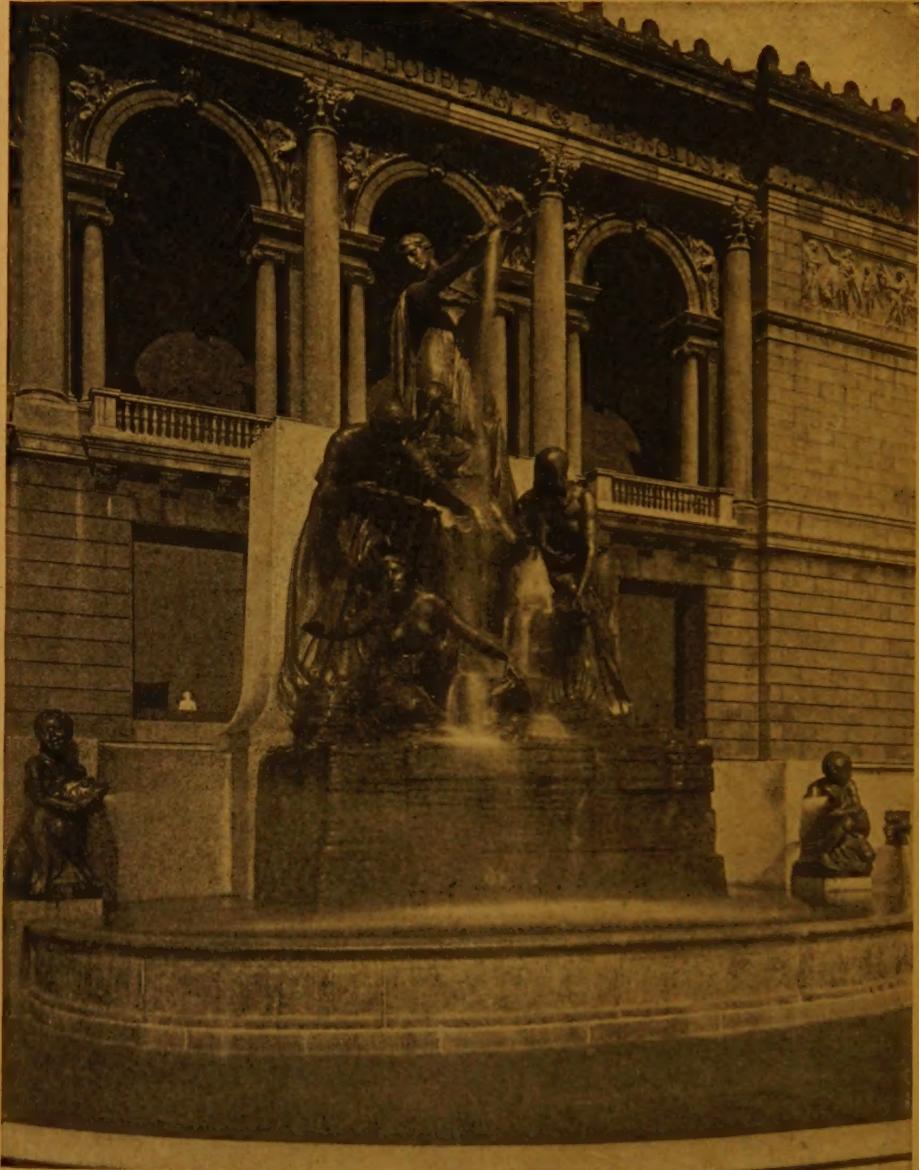
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PROVISO TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL
Cook County, Illinois



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND

*Michi Manitou, the Great Spirit
of Indian Legend, invites all mortals
through the Fairy Arch to enter the
Wonder World of Inland Waters*



The Ferguson Memorial Fountain, Chicago
THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

THIS BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF STATUARY, DESIGNED BY THE EMINENT SCULPTOR, LORADO TAFT, STANDS IN GRANT PARK, CHICAGO, BY THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN. IT REPRESENTS THE GREAT LAKES WITH FIVE LOVELY FEMALE FIGURES JOINED IN COMPOSITION BY A SPARKLING LINE OF WATER. HIGH STANDING SUPERIOR STARTS THE DESCENDING STREAM; MICHIGAN, HURON AND ERIE GIVE SISTERLY AID; AND CROUCHING ONTARIO, WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARM, DIRECTS THE FLOOD ON TOWARD THE SEA, WITH A LOOK OF WONDER IN HER EYES

THE MENTOR

VOL. 8

OCTOBER 1920

No. 16

OVER THE INLAND SEAS A TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

HERE we are in picturesque, historic old Mackinac—and, here, we will put in a few pleasant days while we recall the incidents of the trip so far, and look over this beautiful little gem island of the Great Lakes. We couldn't find a lovelier resting spot than this balcony on the hillslope, with the village below us, and, beyond, the busy harbor, where the boats of the Lake fleets come into port day by day, and set off again for points, east, west and south. Mackinac (pronounced *Mackinaw*) is the real center of the land and water scenic show—the hub, around which all the touring traffic of four of the Great Lakes swings. You may begin your trip at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, or Duluth—it matters not. We will greet you here at Mackinac, both on your outgoing voyage, and your return.

We left Buffalo two days ago—it seems longer, for, even in that short time, much water has gone under the boat, and many things have happened. We arrived in Buffalo a day before sailing, and spent that day at Niagara. After all that has been written about the mighty "Thunder of Waters" what more can one say today? We may have seen Niagara many times, but we go back to it with undiminished wonder and awe. Old as the ages, the Falls are ever new—as are the brides and grooms who gaze upon Niagara for the first time with the eyes of youthful romance, and the Silver Wedding Journeyers who return there to celebrate the success of a quarter-century test of domestic affection.

The day we set sail from Buffalo was clear and mild. Lake Erie was as smooth as a mill-pond, and we

slipped along over a sea of sunshine, accompanied by a flock of snow-white gulls that selected our expedition as a "good thing," and "carried on" with us to the end. Experience had taught us not to place our trust in Lake Erie. It was easy enough going until we reached Cleveland that first night; but from there to Detroit we found Erie in a boisterous mood.

DETROIT AND ST. CLAIR

But the rough night was forgotten in the warm sunlight, as we slid gently into the dock at Detroit. We saluted the fourth city in population of the United States, and took time off from the boat to ride around and visit the points of interest—especially beautiful Belle Isle, as fair a garden spot as any city in the world can boast.

We set off again in about two hours, and were soon out of the Detroit River, and approaching the St. Clair Flats. This lovely lake-suburb of Detroit is called "The Venice of America"—a name that is fairly descriptive. Our big boat passed through a narrow canal while we looked out on a far-reaching stretch of flat, green islands, built up with bungalows, cottages,

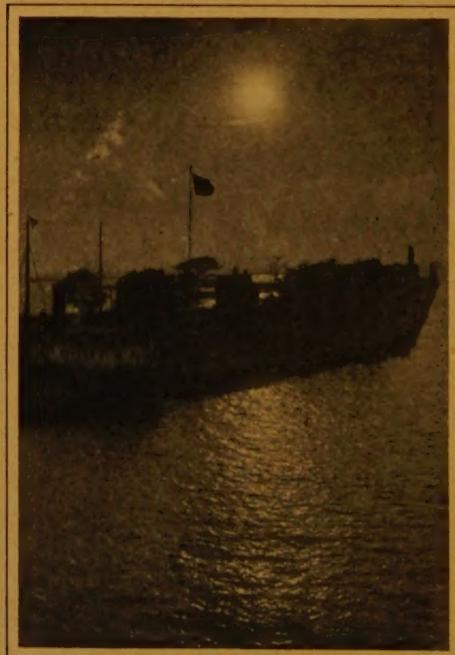
houses, clubs, and hotels, all alive with happy people fussing around in canoes and motorboats, and enjoying life in a way that made us want to join them.

THE FAIRY ISLE

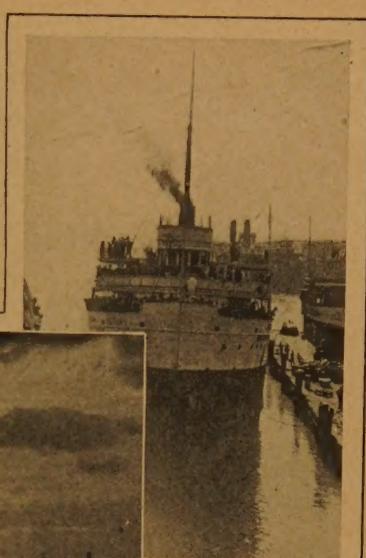
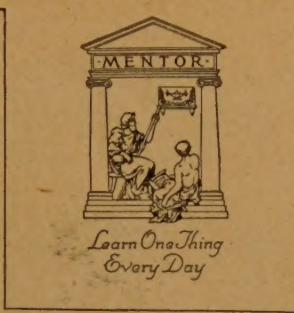
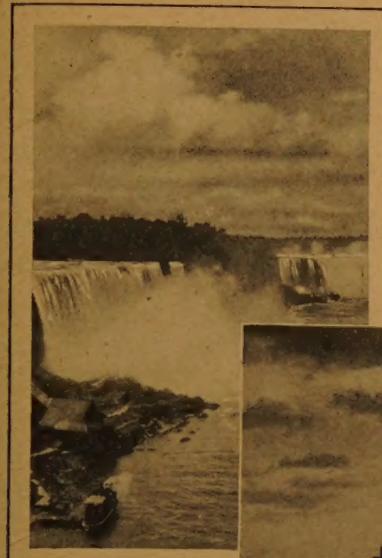
Then we settled down for a quiet afternoon on Lake Huron, went to bed, and got up here at Mackinac. And what a wonderful place is Mackinac! Here we can sail, ride, walk, wander through the old village, play golf, fish, bathe, or simply invite our souls by resting and watching the ships come and go. The moment we arrive in Mackinac we realize that we have not only set foot on one of the fairest islands in the world, but that we are breathing the air of mystery and history—the mystery of old Indian legend, and the history of three nations: France, England, and

America. This was the critical point in the north where the claims of these three nations were settled. Mackinac—once French, then English, now American.

So, now that we have finished our reflections on our balcony, let us step off and see the island. Our driver tells us that he will show us all the roads—and what wondrous woodland



BUFFALO HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT



NIAGARA
WHERE THE LAKE
WATERS STEP DOWN
FROM ERIE TO
ONTARIO



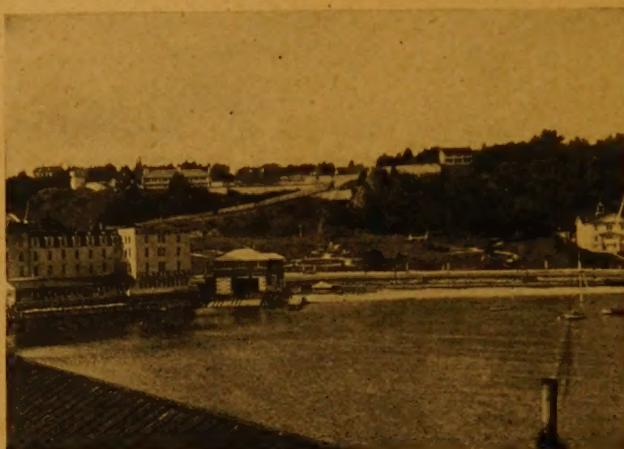
DETROIT DOCK
WHERE THE BIG
BOATS MEET AND
GREET EACH
OTHER

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STURDY FREIGHTERS AT REST IN BUFFALO HARBOR

roads they are! He takes us by the East Road around to Arch Rock, and we gaze down through the lofty Arch that rises 149 feet from the shore where the lake waters dimple and sparkle. Then he shows us Sugar Loaf, an odd freak of nature in limestone, thrusting up abruptly 134 feet from the woods, with its hollow chamber fifteen feet above the ground, large enough to hold a half dozen of us, and where we find an assortment of calling cards left by visitors. Then we stop for a few minutes at Fort Holmes, which was built in a hurry—about twenty-four hours—by the British in 1812. This is the highest point of the island—about 330 feet above the lake. We then ride down by the back of Old Fort Mackinac, built by the British in 1780, turned

over to the United States in 1795, lost to the British in 1812, and regained by the United States in 1814. The Old Fort was kept up as a military post by the United States until 1895. Now it is simply a historic monument, cared for by a superintendent. The only evidence, today, of military occupancy, are the antiquated guns, the closed barracks, the grass-grown rifle-range, and the quiet old Army graveyard, deep in the woods back of the Fort.

Another day we take the East End Road, and pass the houses of the wealthy summer residents of Mackinac; then the Leslie Road, and, from there, out to the old battlefield of 1814—now the exclusive Golf Course of the Island. After that we try the Crooked Tree Road, and then



A BIT OF MACKINAC FROM THE DOCK

the Shore Road that runs around the Island, at the water's edge, a ride of about nine miles.

What can we say to express the enveloping charm of these magical woodland roads of Mackinac? No automobile horn disturbs us here. The property owners decided that they would not have their leafy paths through the Fairy Isle torn to pieces by studded tires, nor the forest whispers and bird songs silenced by strident auto screams—so we have, in Mackinac, the restful quiet of the virgin grove. We ride softly on a bed of pine needles, under arches of branching birch, beech, balsam, pine, cedar, and maple. The avenues of trees are shot through with slanting spears of sunlight; we are enveloped in the depths of a shadowy forest one moment; the next moment we are in a sunny open meadow, carpeted with daisies, buttercups, blue bells, and red clover, and flanked by ferns and

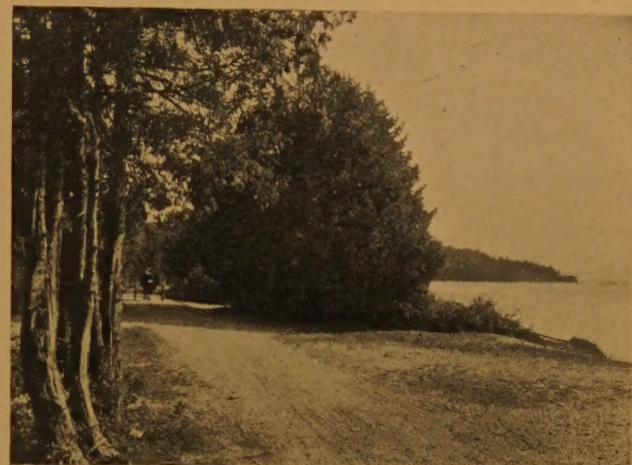
juniper. We visit the historic spots. We look into Skull Cave, where the English Fur Trader, Alexander Henry, was hid by a friendly Indian in the dreadful Indian massacre of 1763; we stand on the unstable rock of Robinson's Folly, where the young officer built a lodge that toppled over to the lake below; and we sit in the Devil's Kitchen, where nothing was ever cooked up but fairy tales. Then we wander through the village and ask questions. The little old village has its interest. We walk down Main Street to Marquette Park, a fine sweep of green grass lawn sloping up to the base of the old Fort. In the center of the park stands the statue of Pere Marquette, the Jesuit Priest, the first white man to settle on the island (1671). The statue was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 1, 1909.

THE JOHN JACOB ASTOR HOUSE, MACKINAC
BUILT IN 1809 AS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE
AMERICAN FUR COMPANY. NOW A HOTEL

MACKINAC LANDMARKS

Farther on we see the old Mission Church erected in 1823. It is kept in good condition, and the immaculate white interior is cool and inviting. On Astor Street we find the oldest buildings. The most interesting is the John Jacob Astor House, the original headquarters of the American Fur Company, erected in 1809.

The building is of the ancient, sturdy sort, that was put up to stay—with solid foundations, heavy beams, wooden pegs, and massive locks. Our old driver recalled that, when he was a boy, he knew a man nearly ninety years of age who helped to build the Astor House: "made out of lumber cut nearby," he said, "and well built. The workmen used up a barrel of whiskey doing it." Then the old man added: "That house was built with hard lumber and hard



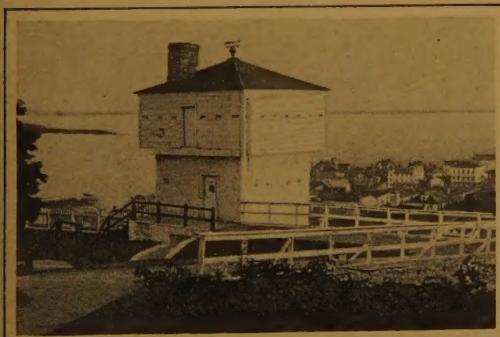
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THE SHORE ROAD, MACKINAC ISLAND.

liquor. They don't build houses that way now."

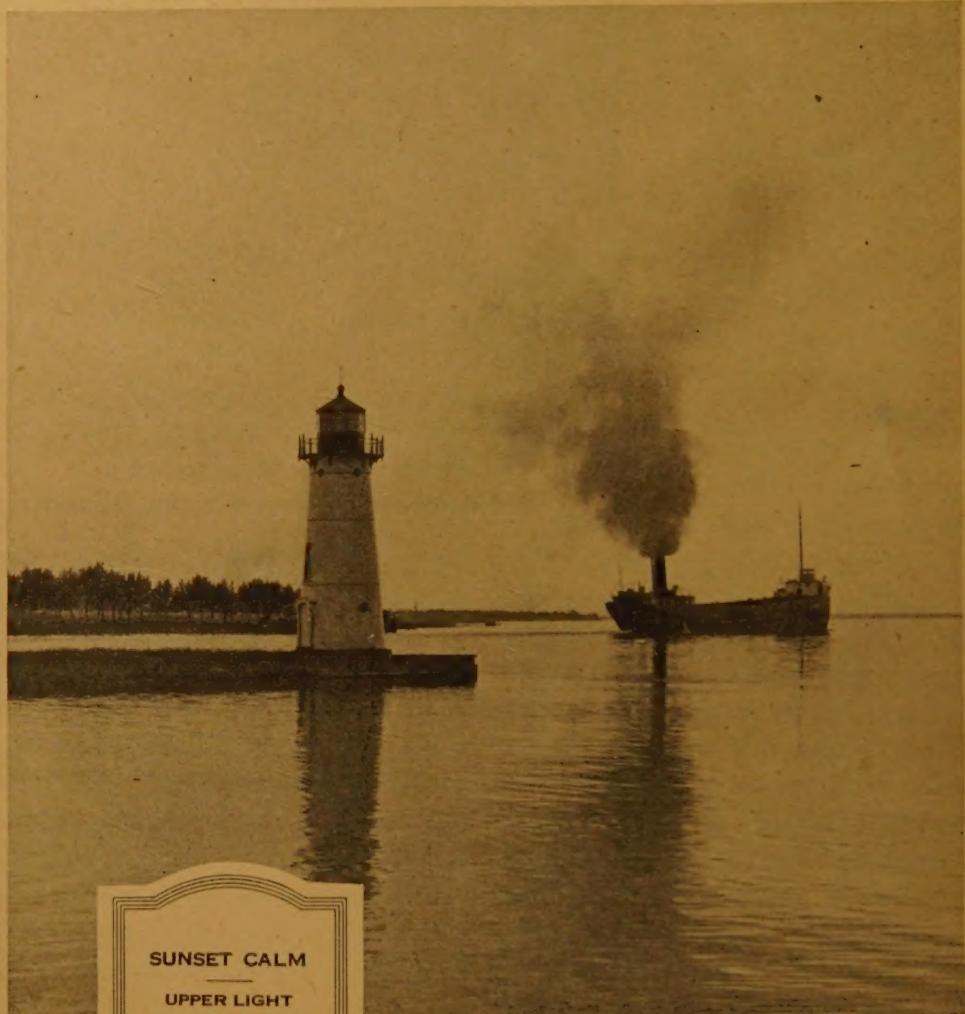
We allowed that there was no argument on that point—nor on the fact that the Astor House was a very solid, enduring affair. And what contrasts time offers us! Today the old building, in which the foundations of the Astor fortunes were so substantially laid, faces a little bungalow tea-shop where a dainty young woman serves lunch at noon, and delicacies at 4 P. M.

Down Astor Street a little way from the American Fur Company Building—which, by the way, is now a hotel—is the oldest house in Mackinac. We are told that the house was built in 1786 by Edward Biddle, and that the property, as well as the ramshackle old Palmer House, is still in the possession of the Biddle family of Philadelphia. Edward Biddle was one of the earliest fur-traders on the Island.



BLOCK HOUSE, FORT MACKINAC

A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF THE OLD FORTRESS
BUILT BY THE BRITISH IN 1780

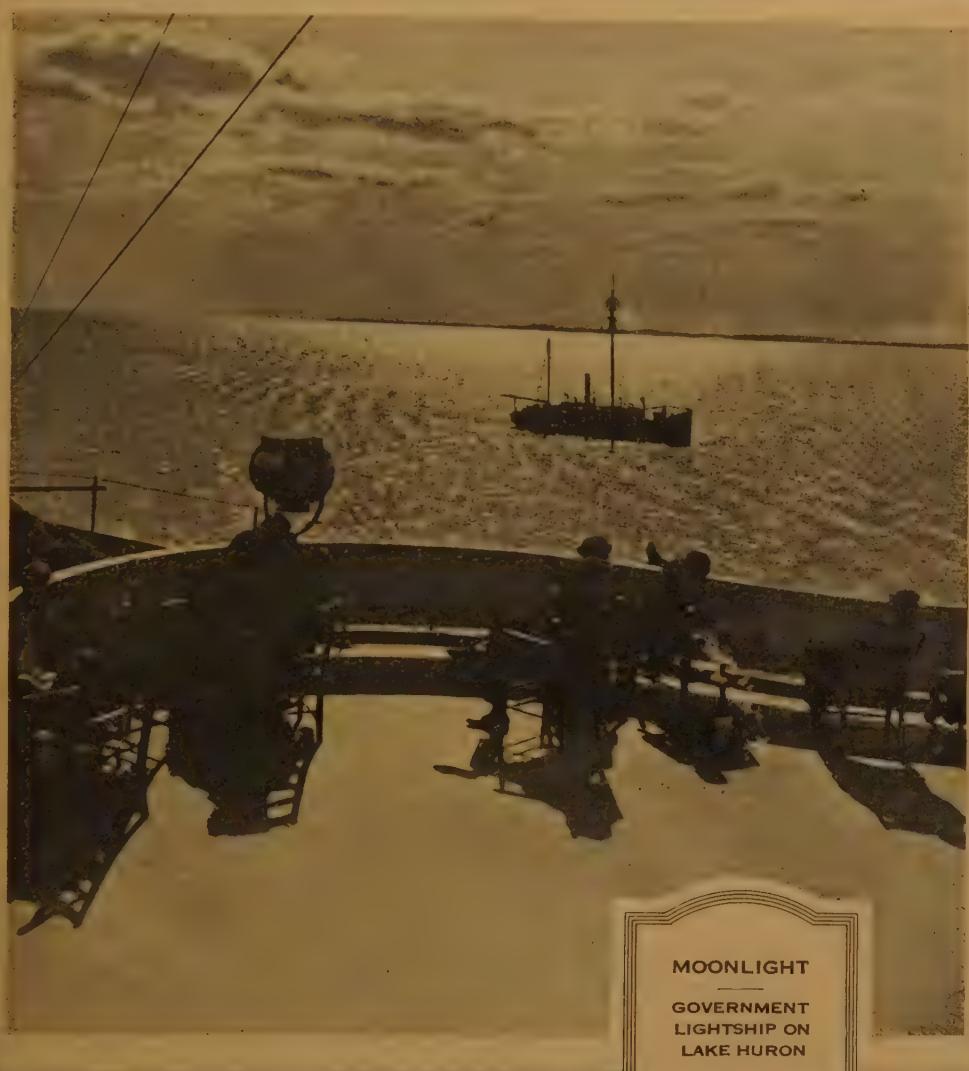


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We walk, and walk, glad that there are no automobiles to drive us off the sylvan roads. Instead we meet our old four-wheeled friends—busses, victorias, surreys, buggies, buckboards, dogcarts—and, for the children, basket wagonettes, with Shetland ponies. Mackinac Island is a place for walks and horse-back rides. It dis-

closes its charms in full to those that take it easy. The very trees will tell you stories if you simply stand still and listen. Those lilac trees that arouse your curiosity are over 100 years old, and were imported here from the north of France.

Give a little time to Mackinac—don't hurry away. The breath of the



MOONLIGHT
—
GOVERNMENT
LIGHTSHIP ON
LAKE HURON

woods is good for you—no matter what your trouble may be; and the cool, fresh air and quiet will make you forget your trouble.

UP AND DOWN LAKE MICHIGAN

Michigan is the only one of the Great Lakes that is entirely surrounded by the United States. It hangs down like a huge sack. Chicago and

Michigan City are at the bottom of the sack, and Mackinac Island is at the neck, just where the noose is drawn in close at the Straits. A busy lake is Michigan—studded on the west side by important cities and large industries, and on the east by lovely summer resorts. We take a few days off and give Lake Michigan what the



PASSING THROUGH PORTAGE RIVER



GREETING A FREIGHTER

man of the street calls the "up and down"—down and up would be more literally true in our case. We take a boat that skirts the east shore and gives us glimpses of Washington Island, Green Bay and Sturgeon Bay. It lands us the next morning at Milwaukee, where after an hour's stay, we go on to Chicago—and there we connect with a boat line that carries us to the east shore resorts—Grand Haven, Ludington, Manistee, and Frankfort; then, on up to Charlevoix, Petoskey and Harbor Springs. Here we find the most delightful of the lake summer places—with beautiful summer homes and beaches. Great Lake beaches are, for the most part, gravelly in texture, but if you go out from Harbor Springs to Seven Mile Point you will find a sand beach as fine as any that the ocean shores yield. There are many delightful side trips that can be taken from Harbor Springs. One, in particular, affords varied attractions, and is an ideal jaunt—the trip called "The Crooked Lake Route." This trip

leads from Oden Lake, some miles east of Harbor Springs, through narrow, winding streams to Burt Lake and Mullet Lake, and then on, all the way to Cheboygan. From that town one can go by train to Mackinaw, look about there a few hours, and return to Mackinac Island by ferry.

"THE SNOWS"

And now we are off for a day at "The Snows." The beautiful *Le Cheneaux* Islands (pronounced *lay-she-now'*, the French for "The Channels") are popularly called "The Snows." The name covers a Paradise of little islands lying along the southern shore of the northern peninsula of Michigan. There are many island in the group, ranging in size from Marquette, six or eight miles long, to "Dollar," and "Penny" which are the baby islands. Their names refer to their size and not their price. Dollar Island is only about one hundred feet in diameter. It holds perfect little bijou of a bungalow, and has room for a tiny lawn, enclosed in a fringe of trees that seem to



CLOSE SAILING IN PORTAGE CANAL



OUT INTO LAKE SUPERIOR

have been selected especially for the spot. At one side of the island is a miniature boat-house, at the other a narrow dock. Altogether, it is a gem—the finer and more precious because of its tiny, cameo quality. It seems to sit on the surface of the water like a decorative center-piece. Near by there is another attractive island, somewhat larger. Several "prices" were assigned to it by members of our party—some called it the "Two Dollar Island," others "Three Dollar." In view, however, of the present high cost of living we compromised on "Dollar Ninety-eight" as a just and fair name. "The Snows" is the Fisherman's Heaven. It was this that first drew men there. Now people go, not only for fishing, but for the charm of the thickly wooded islands, the scenery, and the bracing, health-giving air. Scattered all through the islands, are attractive cottages, clubs and hotels. "The Snows" has long been a favorite resort for people of the West—many of whom have been going there annually

for twenty or thirty years. It is only a little over an hour's sail from Mackinac, so visitors can run over there twice a day. Pick out a bright, clear afternoon—then "The Snows" look their best.

OFF FOR THE SOO

On our last day at Mackinac the Weather Man tried hard to make us prolong our stay. The clear sky and brilliant morning sun combined to give us one of those radiant compositions of light, air, and water that the old-time lake-dwellers know so well. We could almost believe we were in the Caribbean Sea, gazing on the Bay of Matanzas or Cardenas, so blue was the vault above us, and so translucent and exquisitely varied in hue was the harbor. We wanted to settle down right there, indefinitely, but our big, white, floating hotel was at the dock, and the bell told us to go aboard, so we set off, satisfied with the thought that we were taking the fair weather with us. And the fair weather stayed during all that day, as we rounded the

north shore of Lake Huron at the Detour (the Turn) and entered St. Mary's River, which is the picturesque water approach to Sault Ste. Marie (called the "Soo"). One pleasing feature of the Great Lakes trip is the variety of scenery and incident. An hour of rough going will be followed by a smooth passage through a quiet waterway; for a half-day we are on the broad bosomed lake, out of sight of land; then we thread a narrow portage stream or canal. St. Mary's River is sixty-two

miles long, and made up of beautiful straits and little lakes, shut in by hills that rise from the very water's edge. We reach the Soo in the late afternoon, and lie by at the dock of the American city of Sault Ste. Marie for about an hour.

There are two Sault Ste. Marie's—the American city on the left bank as we approach, and the Canadian city on the right. In between are the monster locks and the machinery necessary to operate them. We spent

the evening hour on deck watching our big boat being lifted by swelling water to the upper level. Then the western lock-gate opened and we steamed slowly out to the turn of the river at Cedar Point, and entered Lake Superior and the shadows of night about the same time.

THE COPPER COUNTRY

The next morning we woke up to find ourselves in Keweenaw Bay, and entering the narrow portage that leads to the Land of Copper. We are made aware of this at the very first sight of



SUGAR LOAF, MACKINAC ISLAND

ACCORDING TO INDIAN LEGEND, THE WIGWAM OF MICHI MANITOU, THE GREAT SPIRIT, TURNED INTO STONE. IT IS A PLACE OF DAILY PILGRIMAGE FOR VISITORS

land. The bluffs on both sides of the bay are copper-red in color. Along the shores of the portage we see mills and smelters. We read the signs, and breathe the air of copper, and when we land at the wharf at Houghton, we find there huge piles of copper ingots, glittering like red gold, in the sun. We wonder why they let such treasure lie exposed on the dock—why thieves do not make away with it readily. We go ashore when the ship lands, and try to lift one of the



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LAKE SUPERIOR FROM PRESQUE ISLE

MENTOR GRAVURES

NIAGARA FALLS \$100,000 IN COPPER
OLD FORT, MACKINAC ISLAND LOST CHANNEL, THOUSAND ISLANDS
THE LOCKS—SAULT ST. MARIE PICTURE ROCKS, APOSTLE ISLANDS

DOUBLE CENTER PAGE

ISLAND SCENES: A Bit of Wild Nature, Thousand Islands; Camp Life in Thirty Thousand Islands; Club House, Thousand Islands, From an Aeroplane; Cottage Life in "The Snows" Islands; Island near Detroit.



*Learn One Thing
Every Day*

NIAGARA FALLS

THE MIGHTY WATERS FROM THE CANADIAN SHORE

THE three attending spirits that guide and determine the destinies of happy brides and grooms are Cupid, whose gentle wiles first ensnare the hearts, Hymen, the god of marriage, who presides over the nuptials—and Father Hennepin, who discovered Niagara Falls. Father Hennepin was the first white man to see the mighty cataract. He was a member of La Salle's exploration party in 1678, and he came upon a view of the Falls at a point now known as Hennepin's View. His account of the scene is as quaint in language as it is impressive in its descriptive quality. "A vast and prodigious Cadence of Water," he wrote, "which falls down after a surprizing and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel. . . . The Waters which fall from this horrible Precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder."

Father Hennepin made a sketch of the Falls, which has its value today in that it shows several points of difference from present conditions. Time has done its work. Within the memory of many now living, a Table Rock, called the "Rock of Ages," which stood for many centuries at the rim, was washed over and now lies ignominiously at the foot

of the Falls. The whole Niagara gorge as we know it today was cut out by the giant force of the cataract wearing away the cliff at the rate of about 450 feet every 100 years. Figure this out and you will find that just about 2,962 years ago the Falls were at the whirlpool. This would be about 300 years before the founding of Rome.

Niagara has been the objective point of sensation-seeking acrobats of various kinds. It seems as if the monster cataract possesses some irresistible fascination for daring spirits. During the years 1859-1861 Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, performed wonderful feats of tight-rope walking over the Niagara gorge. In 1883 Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, was killed trying to swim the rapids. On October 24, 1901, Mrs. Annie E. Taylor went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel and survived—a feat never before accomplished by anyone.

Besides the beauty of its scenery and the thrill of its action, Niagara has, of late years, come to be a great power in industry both on the Canadian and on the American side. The energy supplied there by the Falls is transmitted for miles and supplies light and power for manufactures, for transportation and for domestic use in communities near and distant.



FORT MACKINAC

THE OLD MILITARY POST OF THE HISTORIC ISLAND

TO the Indians, Mackinac was always a fairy-land of fable; to the white man it was a golden land of promise. Many were the fortunes made on the lakes by fur traders, lumber dealers and miners of copper.

Michili-mackinac—as it was called in early times—was known to Champlain as far back as 1610, and French adventurers had set eyes on it before 1626. But the credit for the first visit to that region is given to John Nicolet who passed through the straits of Mackinac to Green Bay in 1634.¹ Up near Arch Rock on Mackinac Island there is a stone monument commemorating Nicolet's expedition. In 1670-71 Father Jacques Marquette, a French Jesuit priest, settled on the island. This event, too, is commemorated in Mackinac by the establishment of Marquette Park, in the center of which stands a statue of the Jesuit Priest.

The story of the hundred years following Marquette's arrival was one of continual discovery and development, with all the hardships and tragedies incident to trading and fighting with savage tribes. Under French possession, explorers, traders, missionaries and soldiers of fortune came to Mackinac and met with varying fates—some acquiring wealth and power, others starving in the wilderness, and many going down to a

shocking death at the hands of hostile Indians. In 1761 the Islands passed from France to England; and, two years later, came the dreadful Indian Massacre, when seventy soldiers of the English garrison in the Fort of Mackinac were brutally slaughtered. The Island was held by the English until 1795, when they were compelled to surrender it to the United States. When war was declared in 1812, old Fort Mackinac was garrisoned with only 57 men under the command of Lieutenant Hanks. He was taken by surprise and had to surrender to a British force that had thrown up entrenchments (Fort Holmes) on the highest point of the Island. The English occupied old Fort Mackinac until the winter of 1814, when the war was over, and a company of American soldiers, under Colonel Chambers, resumed possession. Under United States ownership the fort was an active Army Post until 1895, when it was abandoned.

The Island is about nine miles in circumference, and twenty-two hundred acres in area. Half is privately owned—the rest being a National Park and Military Reservation. There are a few Indians left on Mackinac Island; they occupy a little village of their own, back in the woods—a poor, miserable affair, full of the pathos of a conquered, dying race.



THE SOO LOCKS

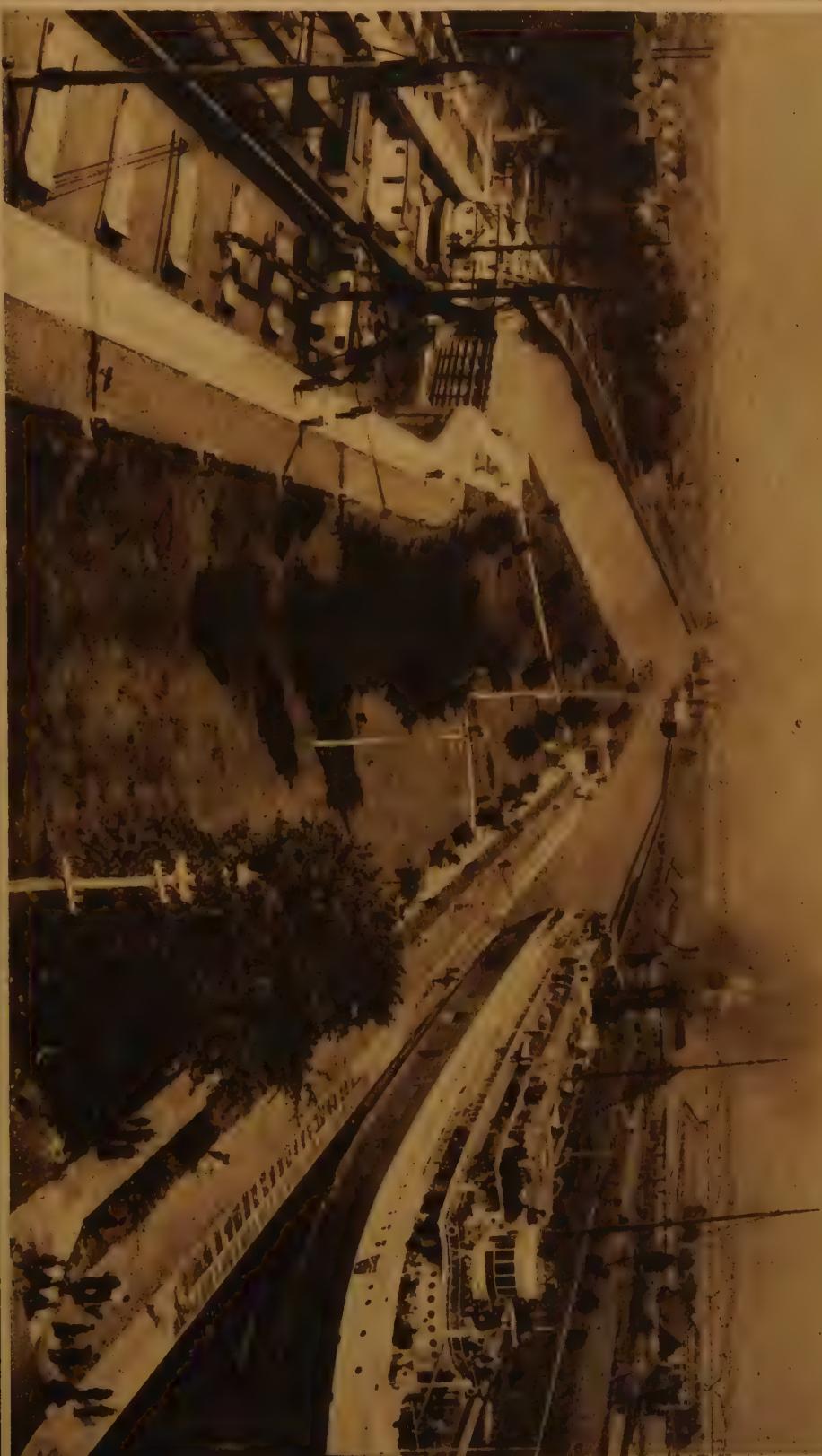
THE LARGEST SHIP LOCKS IN THE WORLD

LAKE Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, discharges through the St. Mary's River 86,000 cubic feet of water per second. The rapids of St. Mary are swift and rough. The only way, therefore, to make navigation between Lake Superior and Lake Huron possible was by the construction of ship canals and locks. In the course of years the engineering problem was settled in a supremely successful way by the construction of the largest ship locks in the world. There are four American locks and one Canadian; constructed and maintained by the respective governments. The first canal on the Canadian side was built by the Northwest Fur Company in 1797. It was a small affair, only about thirty-eight feet in length and nine feet in width. In 1855 the first of the great canal locks was built on the American side, 64 feet wide at the bottom and 100 feet wide at the water's surface. The facts and figures of these early canals are, however, only of historic interest. They have been destroyed to make way for the modern locks, which are huge in size—varying in length from the shortest, the Weitzel lock, 515 feet long to the Davis lock, 1,350 feet long. The locks are 80 to 100 feet wide and 24 feet

deep. This is necessary, for the large passenger boats of the Great White Fleets of the Lakes draw about 18 or 19 feet. Some of the heavy freighters draw as much as 20 or 21 feet. Reckoning the cost of these modern locks from the beginning, we find that Uncle Sam has spent about \$25,000,000 and Canada about \$5,000,000.

The Soo Canal locks are not only the biggest in the world—they are the busiest. Over 25,000 vessels pass through the canals in the course of a year, and the total annual tonnage of the ships is three times as great as that of the Suez Canal. The human interest in it, is indicated by the fact that nearly 100,000 passengers are carried through the Soo Canals during a season of tourists' traffic—which is about four months. Visitors to the Soo are told that the thing to do there is to engage an Indian, with a canoe, and "shoot" the rapids of St. Mary's River. It is exciting, and, with a safe guide, not dangerous. The Rapids, however, have a much more serious and important occupation than simply tossing tourists around in canoes. The water power of the Rapids has been harnessed by man, and generates electrical energy of 60,000 horsepower that runs many mills and factories in that region.

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THE LOCKS—SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN



A BIT OF WILD NATURE—THOUSAND ISLANDS

Though a popular and much frequented resort, many of the Thousand Islands are as wild today as when man found them.



CAMP LIFE IN THIRTY



ISLAND NEAR DETROIT

DOTTING the shores of the Inland Seas are islands countless in number, and of all sizes, kinds and shapes. One characteristic, however, they have in common—they are all good fishing grounds.

"Why do you go to Georgian Bay?" I asked a friend.

"Do you know nothing of rod and reel?" he replied. "It is the Bay of Thirty Thousand Delights. And as many other delights are in 'The Snows.' Why do you go there?"

"I fish not—neither do I swim. I go to 'The Snows' for the peace of my soul. All

ISLES OF THE

outdoor nature is happy there, and it makes me happy to be in the midst of it."

"Fine words, but a mere apology for idleness. What is recreation that does not re-create? Have you never felt the joy and thrill of playing your line and landing your catch? You tell me you like fish. Have you ever reflected on the difference between fresh fish and fresh-caught fish? Everywhere on the Lakes your attention is invited



ND ISLANDS



CLUB HOUSE, THOUSAND ISLANDS ©



COTTAGE LIFE IN "THE SNOWS" ISLANDS

INLAND SEAS

the fresh fish served on boats and at
els. Everywhere, too, you find them
ogether honest and correct fish—but just
h fish as you find in any good hotel.
ve you yet, in your journey through the
nds, come to know the taste of 'fresh-
ght fish'? Confess now."

I will, for honest confession is good for
soul. While we were at 'The Snows'
were attracted, one night, at dinner, by

an exquisite aroma that came to us from a
nearby table. A party of bronze-faced
men and women were enjoying a meal
of their own fresh 'catch' of fish. That was
the moment when we realized that we were
simply tourists, doing the Lakes. Over at
that other table, were the *real people*, tell-
ing the story of each and every fish—and
everybody happy, except the fish. And we
said to ourselves that the next time we
came to those blessed islands we would
catch our own fish and eat them within an
hour after they wriggled their last."

THE COPPER COUNTRY

A FORTUNE IN METAL ON THE DOCKS

THE Lake Superior region of upper Michigan is the original home of copper in the United States. You know that as soon as you reach Houghton, for there on the dock you find a vast assembly of copper greeting you as you arrive. Our picture shows \$100,000 worth of copper piled up, ready for shipment. Sometimes the old wooden dock at Houghton groans under the weight of a quarter million dollars in metal.

In the American continent copper was known to the prehistoric races. These early people used copper, and also stored it in the ground. It was a bit of this loose copper that a French farmer's pig turned up while rooting about in the back yard. This simple incident led to the discovery of the richest copper mine ever developed in history. After the loose copper found near the surface of the ground had been disposed of, excavations were made, and the Calumet lode was opened up. The French settlers and their descendants made something out of the copper resources of the Lake Superior region during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it was not until 1844 that copper became prominent as a mineral product. Since that time the increase has been phenomenal until, to-day, the United States supplies 60 per cent of the copper of the world. For

years Michigan produced the largest amount of copper of any of the states, but now Montana and Arizona have the lead, and Michigan stands third, with Utah a close rival. During the years of Michigan's supremacy in copper the Lake Superior region was an enormous hive of industry. The copper area extends for 150 miles from Copper Harbor, up at Keweenaw point, down to Iron Mountain—the richest mineral region being in the northern part. In the very center of this section are the mines of Calumet and Hecla, which have paid \$152,000,000 in dividends out of a stretch of less than one mile. During seventy-five years the life of that little peninsula has been devoted to copper. Millions of men worked in the mines, and their families made their living out of the mines. Boys were brought up to be miners. The high-schools and the manual training schools have been largely maintained by the mining interests. At Houghton there is one of the best equipped Mining Colleges in the United States.

The land of Northern Michigan is fertile and the crops are bountiful and rich. The thoughts, hopes and ambitions of the working men there, however, have not rested on the surface soil; they have, for years, been centered on the riches lying deep in the earth.

\$100,000 IN COPPER—DOCK AT HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN



THOUSAND ISLANDS

THE WATER PATHWAY OF THE PIONEERS

BY the rushing water road of the lovely St. Lawrence came explorer, friar and *voyageur* to the glittering seas of Indian fable and adventure. Samuel Champlain, on his first voyage to Canada, in 1603, had heard rumors of "the great water of which no one had seen the end," and alluring reports of a vast unexplored land in the north, rich in furs and copper. When he learned, in the summer of 1615, that a long-robed missionary named LeCaron had left Montreal to visit Indian settlements on the distant Lake of the Hurons, he started post haste after him, greatly concerned for his safety. Up the familiar path of the St. Lawrence sped Champlain's canoes, and on over strange river trails, to Lake Nipissing. Then, one July day, Huron drew its shining silver line across the horizon—first of the Great Lakes to greet the eye of Europeans.

Champlain found his friar unharmed in a palisaded settlement, one hundred miles from the entrance to Lake Huron. In September, he led a flotilla of Indian war canoes, across the Lake of the Ontario, against the Five Nations.

One of Champlain's two white companions on this, his last journey of exploration, was a young French interpreter, Etienne Brûlé. It was he that discovered Lake Superior in 1629; but this greatest of all lakes was first explored by Pierre Radisson and

his brother-in-law, Groseillers, two dashing wood-rangers, who roamed the wilderness of land and water in search of treasure.

Jean Nicolet (nick-o-lay) was commissioned by Champlain to make a far journey to the "People of the Sea," and try to persuade them to bring down their catches of furs to the market held every year in Quebec. In his baggage he carried "a grand robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors." He and his patron felt sure he was going to find in that remote land a race living on the shores of Asia, and he wanted to be able to appear before them in impressive and appropriate costume. Nicolet was much disappointed that the tribe on Green Bay turned out to be Indians instead of Mongols, and that the waters he discovered were fresh instead of salt. He didn't find Asia—instead, he discovered Lake Michigan and the island of Mackinac.

Last of the quintette of inland seas to be seen by the path-makers was Lake Erie, probably discovered by Father Joliet in 1669. Well may we say with Father Hennepin, who first described Niagara Falls, and companioned La Salle on the ill-starred voyage of the *Griffin*, "Those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that noble country cannot but remember with gratitude those that discovered the way by venturing to sail upon unknown lakes."



PICTURE ROCKS

THE LAKES IN LEGEND AND ROMANCE

ABOVE the rocks and waves of the Five Lakes broods the spirit of Michi Manitou, the Supreme Being. Indian legend says he made the wondrous isle of Mackinac for his earthly home. When the island was completed, the Maker sent messengers "to all lands of heat and noise and troubulous insects" to say that, in these Northern waters, there was a place of refuge from every disturbing thing that beset men and spirits. The portal of this Arcadian retreat was Arch Rock, on the eastern shore of the island. Through it passed stranger friends from near and far, and entered into a land of quiet and content. Centuries went by, and the wigwam of the Great Spirit was changed into stone. As the pyramidal rock called "Sugar Loaf," it is now a place of pilgrimage for the multitude of visitors that journey to this fair spot every year to partake of its peace and joy.

And the healing qualities with which Manitou the Great Being blessed the Fairy Isle endure unto this day, for each season, the spirit of Manitou calls from Mackinac: "Come all ye that cough and suffer, and I will give relief." And they say that Manitou keeps his word.

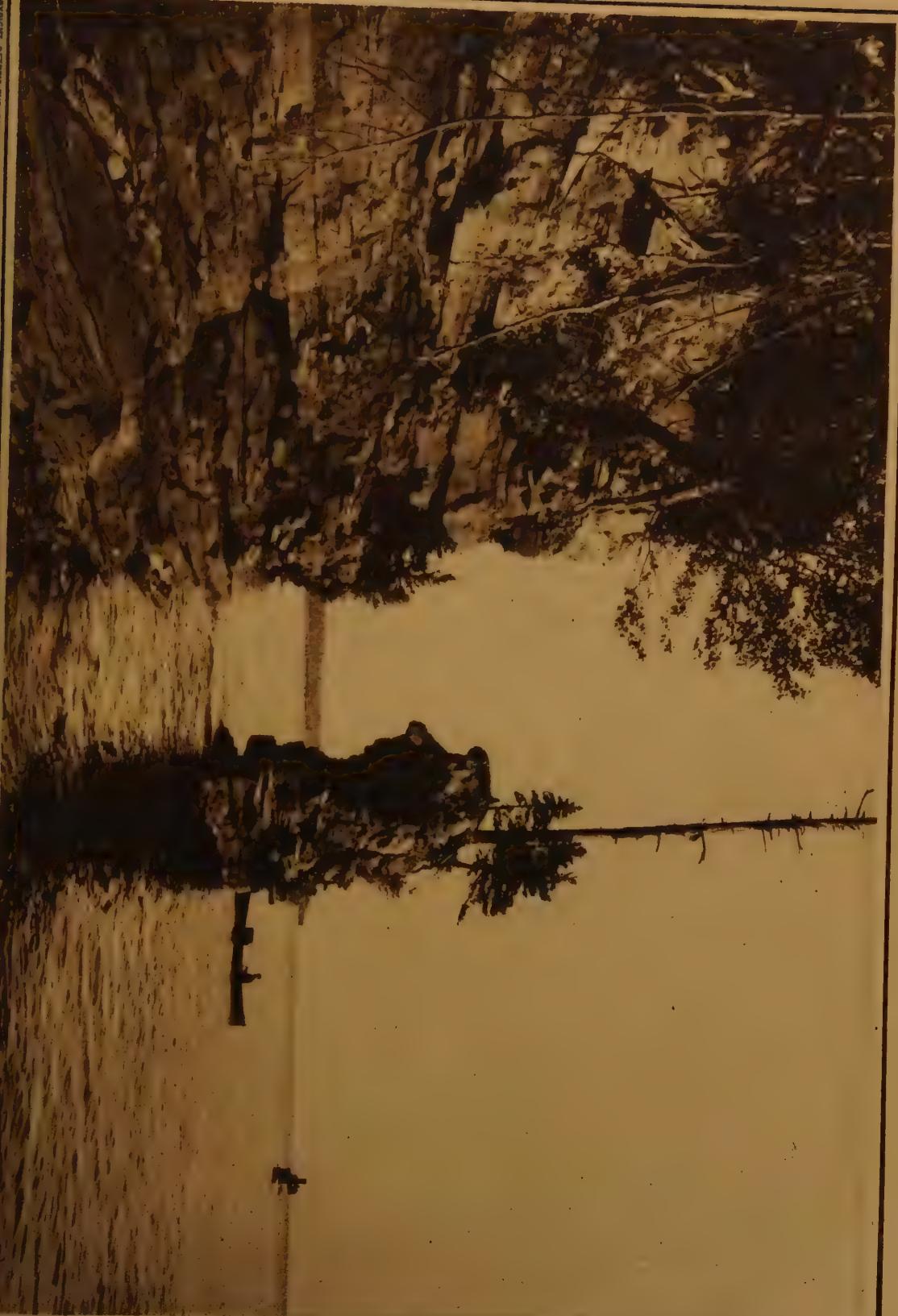
By the Big-Sea-Water lived Hiawatha with his grandmother, Nokomis. Longfellow's tale had its source among the dunes and

cliffs of Lake Superior. Each Lake claimed its special coterie of mythical creatures whose deeds, written down by white men, constitute the first school of literature in the lake region. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, a pioneer in the study of Indian tribes in this part of the continent, traveled through the Lakes a hundred years ago, and gathered a rare sheaf of Indian tales, which included, among others, the legend used by Longfellow.

Of early days on the Lakes, Constance Fenimore Woolson has given us a charming reflection in her "Lake Country Sketches," and in the widely-read novel, "Anne."

That amazing gallery of nature sculptures, the Picture Rocks, ranged with magnificent effect on the eastern shores of Lake Superior, have stirred the imagination of many literary travelers—Charles Dickens and Hawthorne and Bayard Taylor, and countless others famous in the world of letters, have paid tribute to Niagara in its varying seasons and moods.

The poet, William Cullen Bryant, wrote with enthusiasm of the "light green waters" of the Lakes, of their rocks and islands and turbulent rapids, and of the smoky villages of redskins born on their shores. So, historian, romancer, and poet, alike, fall under the spell of the Inland Seas.





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THE GULLS—OUR COMPANIONS OF THE AIR

*Close-following, feathered friends of the
sky—bold in approach yet ever shy*



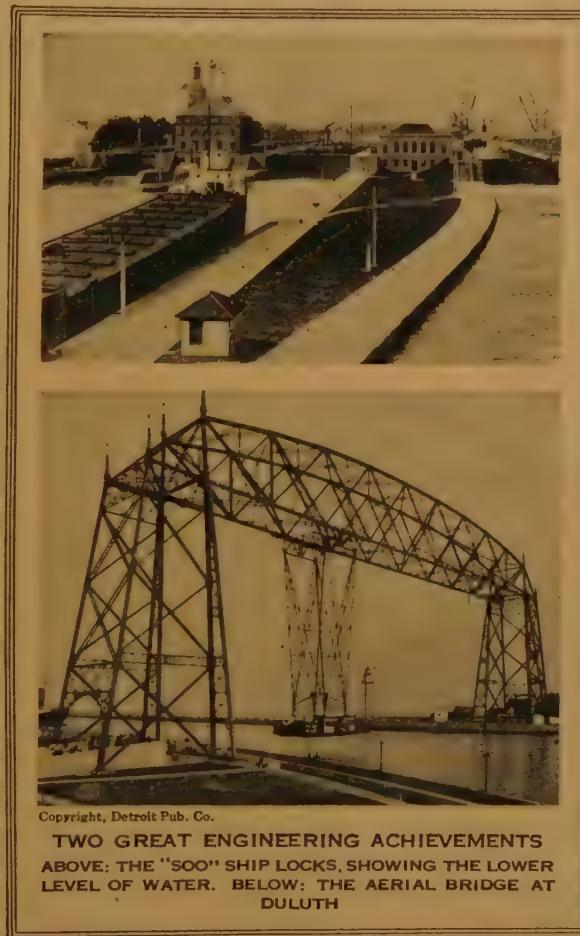
ingots, and we decide that no one would be tempted to try to carry away much copper. Houghton, on one side of the river, and Hancock, on the opposite side, are the two citadels of the Copper Country. The boat lies by for five hours so that tourists can take the electric car over to Calumet, about twelve miles distant. This is the Mecca of the Copper Industry. Here the first great American treasure in copper was found, and here are situated two of the most famous mines in the country, Calumet and Hecla—names that stand for fabulous wealth in copper production.

DULUTH AND RETURN

Early the next morning we sail into the harbor at Duluth under the great Aerial Bridge. This novel affair is the only bridge of its kind in America. They tell us that there is only one other like it in the world. It is an interesting curiosity, but a slow

vehicle of transportation. I wonder what it does when a fire-engine has to cross. As we first gazed on Duluth from the lake we recalled Lady Jane's characterization of herself in the operetta, "*Patience*": "Not pretty—massive." Countless buildings, large and small, spread along the mountainside, which rises 600 feet above the lake. The attractive parts of Duluth are not seen from the steamer. The city looks big, busy and important—but not beautiful. When, however, we land and ride about, we meet with fairer sights than huge warehouses

and business buildings. There is much wealth in Duluth, and it shows in the many luxurious houses in the shaded residence district. Lester and Lincoln Parks are lovely oases of green, and the view from the boulevard at the summit of the hill, commanding the city, the harbor, and the lake, is inspiring.



COMPANIONS OF THE AIR

We are back again on our boat in the late afternoon with our faces turned to the East. And our faithful flock of gulls turns with us. They have been waiting there in the harbor all day. They are native-born sailor-birds—and Captain Lawrence's historic words, "Don't give up the ship," are ever in their hearts.

They don't give up the ship—and they never will, so long as there is food on board. This snowy bodied "flapper" is the most engaging living feature of the trip. He is distinctly one of the party. He sails with us, rests on the harbor waters when we dock, resumes flight when we set off—and he knows the meal hour as well as we do. If he is overlooked he makes known his wants in heart-appealing



WAITING FOR THE BOAT

AN AFTERNOON SCENE ON A DOCK IN "THE SNOWS." THERE IS ALWAYS A GROUP AWAITING MAIL OR FRIENDS

lamentations. We grow to love the gulls, and we leave them with regret when our Lake trip is over.

THE 30,000 ISLANDS

The next "leg" of our trip takes us across Lake Huron to Georgian Bay, and we land at Parry Sound for a day's run down through the 30,000 Islands. A little boat picks us up at Rose Point at seven o'clock the following morning and gives us five hours of rare delight, while it threads its way through the tortuous channels of the Islands of Georgian Bay. "Why 30,000 Islands—why not 60,000?" "Perhaps there are 60,000," we are told; 30,000 have been actually surveyed. These Canadian islands have a wild beauty of their own. Many of them are steepbanked and rocky, others thickly covered with pine, hemlock, spruce and birch. Some of the islands are privately owned—the price of island property



DOLLAR ISLAND

THE SAUCIEST LITTLE ISLAND IN "THE SNOWS"



A TWO MILLION DOLLAR ISLAND
IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, WHICH THE LATE GEORGE C. BOLDT
SPENT A FORTUNE ON, AND THEN LEFT UNFINISHED

is ten dollars an acre. Others are occupied by little summer communities.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

At Penetang, a little town at the southernmost point of the 30,000 Island trip, we take train for Toronto, and the next day set out to "do" the last of the Lakes—Ontario. Fair weather is still our good fortune, and so we find ourselves "taking the moon" on deck when the boat reaches Charlotte, the lake port of Rochester at a late evening hour. The next morning early we are at Kingston, and, by breakfast time, we reach Clayton and Alexandria Bay. The Thousand Islands, with their many natural beauties, fittingly crown our Great Lakes trip. This cluster of Island jewels, ever holds its charm. The population of the resort has increased greatly in recent years, and there is an impressive display of luxurious homes. Some of the islands

seem almost *too* magnificent for the recreation season—we heard one of them described as "a million dollars, entirely surrounded by water." Many of the Islands, it is true, are still in their original wild state, but many others have been captured, domesticated, and cultivated to the water's edge—we might almost call them "manicured." Trees are

properly pruned, lawns cut, paths trimmed, hedges cropped smoothly, and the edges of the Islands carefully finished off with masonry and concrete walls.

It is the same lovely old Thousand Islands—as delightful as ever. We bring home, however, from the Great Lakes trip a particularly warm and tender feeling for the simple life of picturesque, historic Mackinac, and for the gracious green isles and quiet waters of "The Snows."



PEACEFUL SHORES
AMONG THE ISLANDS OF "THE SNOWS"

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TRIP

CONTRIBUTIONS OF A FELLOW TRAVELER

THE MAN THAT IS ALWAYS LATE

WHAT would the trip be without him—the fat man that is always late for the boat! He was the last thing that came aboard at Buffalo, and the last thing everywhere on the Lakes. When the gangplank had been pulled in and the trumpeter had sounded the note of departure at Buffalo, down the wharf ran the late fat man, red-faced and perspiring, followed by a porter with his luggage. The ship sighed patiently and hung by the dock, while two burly negroes swung him and his traveling bags aboard.

While we were at Mackinac, the late man appeared on the dock when the *Tionesta* was out in the harbor and ready to turn. The Big Boat good naturally pulled in again and took him aboard.

At Detroit, the *Tionesta* and the *Juniata* meet, and one docks as the other leaves. The *Juniata* had cast off her hawsers and her bow was well out in the water when the late fat man came running down with a suit case in each hand. He flung them on board through the freight door near the stern, and followed them with a jump of about four feet over open water, landing in a heap. When he and his belongings were assembled, it was discovered that he held a perfectly good ticket for the *Tionesta*. So the *Juniata*, already fairly started, turned back, unloaded the late fat man, and set him right—with the loss of twenty minutes' time. Nice, accommodating boat service, I call it.

SHALLOW WATERS AND DEEP

On leaving Buffalo for the Great Lakes Trip, we go from shallow waters to deep. We enter Lake Erie with twenty or thirty feet of water under us at Buffalo, and progress to more than a thousand feet in Lake

Superior. An inquisitive little girl of our party had been asking questions from the start, and the depth of Lake Erie appeared to prey on her mind. She came to her mother on the afternoon of the first day with a serious countenance.

"Do you know," she said very earnestly, "that where we are now the water of Lake Erie is only a little over a hundred feet deep? We won't get into real deep water till we reach Lake Huron. There it's over eight hundred feet deep—the Captain told me."

"Never mind, my dear," answered her mother in reassuring tones. "If we walk gently and breathe quietly, I am sure we will get across Lake Erie without bumping the bottom." And we did, though there

were times that stormy night when we thought we *would* bump the bottom.

NERVES ON THE LAKES

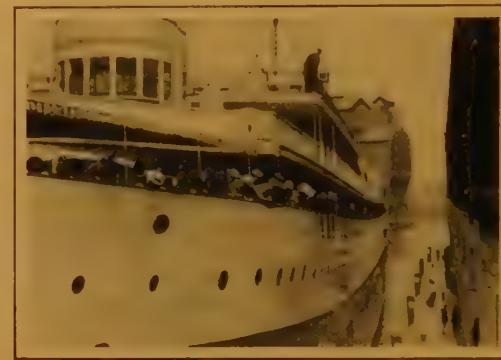
The transportation folders tell us, "If you are suffering from nerves, take the Lake Trip. It will build you up anew," and so on. We had all read it, and, apparently, nearly everyone on board, at the start, had taken the trip for some kind of nervous disorder. Some of the nerves subsided when folks found they had their baggage safely with them, including the baby, and had made their state-room, dining-room and steamer-chair arrangements. Then came the question of weather, and the Captain had a trying hour.

"Will the Lakes be smooth?"

"Will we run into a storm?"

"Will we be seasick?"

The Old Salt of the party, who had circled the globe several times, snorted in contempt. "To an ocean traveler," he said, "doing the Lakes is simply an indoor water sport. If the water out there gets any smoother than it is now I'm going to get off



LOOKING FOR THE LATE MAN

and walk." A timorous friend, however, was not convinced, and confided to me that he had bought three different seasick remedies. As the days and the nights wore on, nerves about the weather grew calmer and more confident. On the fourth day of the trip I came upon my timorous friend at the novelty counter of the boat, offering to exchange his seasick remedies for chewing gum. The only thing that concerned him then was his appetite.

WHAT IS THERE TO SEE?

I was standing on the piazza of the Grand Hotel at Mackinac when an elderly woman addressed that question to me.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this must be the worthy woman that asked the same question of Samuel Blythe last year at the Grand Canyon."

I looked out over the harbor, where the sun played magic on the dimpled water; we seemed to be enveloped in a sea of sparkling silver. "What is there to see?" I echoed. "Why, here are the Lakes."

"They're nothing but water," she answered, "and only *fresh* water at that. There is no salt in them. I miss the tang of the ocean air."

"But these beautiful green islands," I ventured.

"I've seen islands all my life," she replied. "They mean nothing to me. Isn't there something interesting to see here?"

I bethought me of Blythe's answer to the lady at the Grand Canyon, and took my cue from that. "There are a number of odd little shops down in the main village street," I suggested; "perhaps you may find something interesting to see there."

The lady nodded, and we parted company. Late that afternoon, when the setting sun had turned the silver sea into liquid gold, I wandered down into the village and found the old lady in one of the curio shops, poring over picture post cards, Indian novelties, and junk jewelry. As she went out she recognized me with a smile and a word of thanks. It was the Ending of a Perfect Day—for her.

GREETINGS FROM THE SHORE

We passed through St. Mary's River, to the Soo, on the Fourth of July. The river is narrow and the big boat was in close touch with life on land on both sides. Every bungalow, farm house, and United States Service Post had the flag waving on a pole, or, in the hands of friends at the little landing docks. Groups greeted us gaily from both shores. The Big Boat responded to the greetings with deep, hoarse roars. As we passed a small shack, a wee tot, about four years old, came running down a rickety landing and vigorously waved a tiny flag. Would the Big Boat notice this mite of humanity? We waited, watched, listened Three mighty blasts roared out for the little patriot, and she ran back to her mother calling, "It slooted me! It slooted me!"

Farther on, a man and woman stood on a small wharf watching the Big Boat go by. There was no flag—no greeting. "We have known that pair for years," said the Captain. "They are Germans. They used to float the Stars and Stripes, but when we entered the War they took down the Flag." The Big Boat passed on in silence, and the man and woman stood there together on their lonely wharf, gazing after us. No one saluted—no one waved a greeting.

SUCH IS FAME

In crossing over from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, there is time enough in Toronto to take a ride in a sight-seeing bus. The crowning features of the tour around the Canadian city are two institutions of world-wide interest. One is the house of parliament; the other is the *Birthplace of Mary Pickford*. The relative importance of these two public monuments, in the minds of our party, is indicated by our type-setter. The house of parliament was greeted with a cursory glance and silence. A hubbub of chatter and a craning of necks hailed the *Birthplace of Mary Pickford* as long as the little brick house remained in sight. For real fame we must look to the film.



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BIRTHPLACE OF MARY PICKFORD,
TORONTO

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

LAKES have their natures as distinctly marked as the human children who tread their shores. One child is imaginative and the brother next in age has a practical mind; one sister is beautiful and another without a charm; the children of the same parents grow up as dissimilar as though born in the four different quarters of the earth, and yet the influences surrounding them are the same. In like manner, the sister lakes have their distinct characteristics; each in turn comes to the front with her one superlative adjective whose fitness cannot be questioned, but whose rank in the scale varies according to the temperament of the traveler. Thus, Superior is the most mysterious of the lakes, its northern shores but half explored, strange tales of its gold and silver, amethysts and rubies, tin and copper, being brought down by the fur traders and hunters to old Fort William and the Sault.

Michigan is the most beautiful of the lakes, with its islands, its shifting silver fogs, its long Green Bay, and unsurpassed Straits of Mackinac. Blue Huron is the most romantic of the chain. An atmosphere of romance rests over Lake Huron; its depth, its color, and its wild solitude bring to the surface all the latent poetry in one's heart; and the same man who sleeps through Ontario, talks "iron" on Superior, "grain" on Michigan, "oil" on Erie, will surprise you with sentiment on Saginaw's expanse, and with verses off the blue headland of Thunder Bay. Ontario is crushed by Niagara Falls; if the lake is seen first its placid memory is effaced by the great cataract, and, if afterward, eyes, wearied with admiration, gently sleep over its gray waters and only waken for the Thousand Islands. Yet Ontario has its adjective and is not without its partisans, for it is unquestionably the safest of the chain.

And brown Erie has now its turn. It possesses the most historical interest. It has relics, antiquities, the memory of many battles on land, and one important naval engagement on its waters. Their waves hide the sunken chambers of British vessels; their banks hold in store the rusty swords and muskets of the days before the Revolution; their sand beaches cover cannon; and their rocks preserve the inscriptions of the lost tribe of Eries, driven in a day from the face of the earth by the fierce Iroquois.

The Lake has its heroes, also, and its sayings famous all over the land. Pontiac's spirit haunts the mouth of the lovely Detroit River; Tecumseh flits through the woods and shore; the name of Perry is associated with the western islands; and the memory of mad Anthony Wayne hangs over Presque Isle. Compared with the other lakes, Erie is shallow; and the difference has been described as follows: "The surplus waters pour from the vast *basins* of Superior, Michigan and Huron, flowing across the *plate* of Erie into the deep *bowl* of Ontario." Lake Erie is the only member of the chain which is reputed to have any current. The current, if there is one, is probably owing to its shallow bed and the great force of its outlet, the Niagara River. But it has another reputation which is founded on certainty. It is the most dangerous of the fresh-water seas. Its waves are short and chopping, its harbors insecure, especially along the northern shore, and it has little sea room. Mirage is seen on Erie at times, but fogs rarely, unless it be that soft haze of the twilight through which the vessels steal by each other like so many phantom ships. In the winter come the ice fields, hummocks, plains and moving floes; while above gather the spears of the Aurora Borealis stretching from end to end of the northern sky.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson



"MYSTERY BROODS OVER THE LAKES"

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

THE morning of September 10, 1813, dawned fine and clear. Commander (Master Commandant) Perry, with his fleet, was anchored in the quiet waters of Put-in Bay. Suddenly the British fleet was discovered sailing toward him. Perry was ready, and, in twelve minutes, he was off to meet the enemy. The flag-ship of Perry's was the *Lawrence* and on the masthead flew a pennant bearing on it the last words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't Give Up the Ship." Perry had serious work cut out for him. There had been several single fights between the English and American vessels in the War of 1812, but this was the first engagement between fleets—and on it rested the possession of the Great Lakes.

About noon the British commenced firing and the *Lawrence* suffered so that she became unmanageable and would soon have had to lower her flag. There was only one chance for the young commander—and he took it. He lowered the only seaworthy boat left on the *Lawrence*, left the ship, and, bearing with him his new pennant and the banner with Lawrence's stirring words on it, he ordered four seamen to row him over to the *Niagara*. It was a desperate adventure. Three of the British ships poured shot at the small row boat, but by some miracle Perry got past and reached the *Niagara* in safety, where he raised his flag to the masthead.

Though the *Lawrence* was helpless, Perry, like Paul Jones, "had only just begun to fight." He brought the *Niagara* into position, broke the enemy's lines of

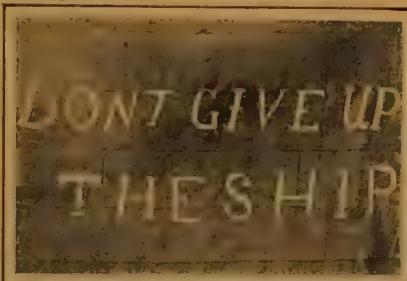
battle and raked the enemy with fearful broadsides. A little after three o'clock in the afternoon a white flag was raised on the British ship, *Hunter*. The *Lawrence* was now slowly drifting. Perry was rowed back to his old flagship and there, on deck, he received the surrender of the British officers. When the formalities were over, Perry ripped off the back of an old letter and using his stiff hat for a writing desk, scribbled the historic message:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

The simple old flag, designed in homely fashion by Perry's order, and carried by him through the Battle of Lake Erie, now hangs in the Flag Room at Annapolis. The letters are in white on a dark blue field, and they were rudely fashioned by the hands of jack tars. When the British squadron came in sight on that memorable morning of September, 1813, Commander Perry jumped up on a gun slide and addressed the crew of the flagship; "My brave lads, this flag bears the words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" Wild cheers rang out as the bunting rose to the main royal mast head, and the men hurried to their places at the guns. So began the historic battle that ended with a complete victory, and that saved the

Great West for the United States.

The flags of all the vessels in the Battle of Lake Erie are in the Navy Collection, but the place of honor is given to this time-worn piece of bunting, with its inspiring message, "Don't Give Up the Ship."



THE HOMELY OLD FLAG

MADE TO COMMANDER PERRY'S ORDER AND
CARRIED BY HIM THROUGH THE BATTLE OF
LAKE ERIE



From the painting by W. H. Powell

In the Capitol, Washington

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

AN OLD MASTER COMES TO STAY

DID you notice an item in the newspapers—about a half column or so—last June, that told us of the arrival in this country of a certain Old Master, Leonardo da Vinci by name? Leonardo lived and worked in Italy over 400 years ago—and he was many kinds of a Master. He was famous as a painter, architect, sculptor, scientist, engineer, mechanician, and musician. We know him especially as the painter of the immortal "Last Supper" and the portrait of the mysterious "Mona Lisa,"—that much written-about picture that was stolen from the gallery of the Louvre in Paris, and finally returned there.

There are only a few original paintings by Leonardo da Vinci known to exist today—some say nine, some eleven. One of them, the first ever to leave Europe, has come to America—and Cupid brought it. A love match made the belated trip of the Old Master across the Atlantic possible, and Harry T. Hahn, an American aviator, was the hero of the romance.

Hahn, a young Kansan, went to France with the A. E. F. and was attached to the air defense of Paris, under Capt. Lardoux, now a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The meeting of the youthful aviator and the daughter of his chief was a case of love at first sight. When the war was over the two were married. Mrs. Hahn is the niece of the Comtesse de Pontbriand, who married the grandson of Chateaubriand. A treasured possession of the family of the Chateaubriands was an original painting by Leonardo da Vinci, the portrait "La Belle Ferroniére." The date of the picture is fixed by art authorities as about 1499, and the subject is supposed to be Lucrezia Crivelli, a royal favorite of the time. The

painting is valued at 3,000,000 francs (\$600,000). During the war, the painting was kept in the Louvre—along with another of the same subject, which, for years, was attributed to Leonardo but was afterwards pronounced a copy. The Louvre's "La Belle Ferroniére" is not in good condition; the original, now in America, is in a fine state of preservation, and is declared by experts to be a work of equal merit, technically, to the famous "Mona Lisa"—which, by the way, it resembles in some of its characteristic features.

And now for Cupid's part in the transaction. The French Government laid a prohibitive tax of 100 per cent. on the exportation of old works of art. This would have made the trip of "La Belle Ferroniére" to America impossible—but, the owner had become the wife of an American citizen, and, therefore, had the right to take her property with her. Where all other powers would have failed com-



LA BELLE FERRONIÈRE
LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GREAT MASTER PAINTING, NOW
IN THE UNITED STATES

pletely, love opened a simple and easy way to release "La Belle Ferroniére" and send her to a new home across the sea. The picture was brought safely to America and is to become the superlative treasure of the new \$500,000 art museum of Kansas City.

"La Belle Ferroniére" is certified as Leonardo da Vinci's original painting of the name by Georges Sortais, official expert of the French Government, in a document attested by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and by the American Consul-General in Paris. So our newly acquired treasure is well authenticated. We have had plenty of "Old Masters" that have proved to be old in name only—it gives us a stir to be assured that Leonardo da Vinci is really here.

—Gene Berton

NOBILITY IN LETTERS

TRUE nobility in human life is achieved by the realization of one's highest ideals.

The title of Nobility in Letters was conferred on W. D. Howells, not by any special ceremonial, but by the general tribute of his fellowmen. It was simply a cordial and sincere recognition of the fact that Mr. Howells' heart beat warmly for his fellowmen.

From his earliest years he sought eagerly to make the most and the best of life—to learn the facts of life, to enter completely into life,—to judge life rightly and discriminately, to enjoy all that was good and beautiful in it, and to make the beauty and meaning of life clear to others. He had no natural advantages. He began his career as apprentice in a printing shop—a “printer’s devil”—and ended his long adventure here as Dean of American Letters.

And what was the secret of his success? A natural talent for writing? Not at all—we have his word for that. Writing was not easy for him—it was hard work. He had no schooling; he had to teach himself while working in the little Ohio printing shop. But he brought to bear on years of application and close observation an enthusiastic and sympathetic interest in all the fine and inspiring things of life that gave him the full degree of a cultivated man. Add to this, a deep, abiding love of humanity—and you have the soul of W. D. Howells’ success.

From the beginning, Mr. Howells was destined to be a writer. The fascination of the printed page took possession of him almost before he was in his “teens.”

“My life was always full of literature to the bursting,” he tells us in his own story. From “printer’s devil” he became a “cub” reporter on the *Ohio State Jour-*

nal. He gathered news and set it up in type himself. He had the knack of “dual composition”—that is, he could compose his articles in his mind while he was setting

them up in type. While a newspaper reporter in Columbus, Ohio, just before the Civil War, Howells, in supporting Abraham Lincoln, wrote a campaign book, “The Life of Lincoln.” This changed the current of his life—it brought him some money, and it brought him East, where he settled in Cambridge, Mass., and came to know many literary men of the time—Longfellow, Emerson,

Holmes, Lowell and others.

Thereafter, his life was one of steady and progressive literary accomplishment. He was a constant and steady writer of fiction, beginning with his first story, “Their Wedding Journey,” published in 1872, and ending with a manuscript unfinished at the time of his death. Altogether, he turned out seventy-five books. About twenty years ago the writer asked Mr. Howells in the course of an interview: “May I say in my article that you are busy on a new novel?” He answered with a smile. “You may *always* say that. It is true at any time.”

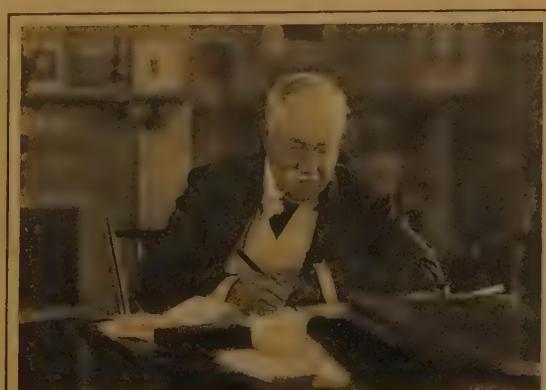
Mr. Howells’ creed in literary work was tersely expressed in an answer to the question, “Should art or truth be the purpose of story telling?” His reply was: “The truth cannot be told without art, but art without truth is of no effect.”

Take to heart Mr. Howells’ words to young writers of fiction. “Life, I should like to say for the thousandth time, is a very beautiful thing, even when it is very ugly, if it is made the stuff of art. There is no other stuff but the life stuff which will lastingly avail either the young or old writer.”

—Clement King .



W. D. HOWELLS



FOR YEARS THE DEAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS

THE VOICE AROUND THE WORLD

THE wonders of wireless multiply so fast that the only way to keep up with them is to predict astounding miracles for tomorrow. When tomorrow comes, we find the miracles wrought—and what we wrote today as a prophecy becomes an item of news. Last July, Nellie Melba, of opera fame, gave a concert by wireless to an audience spread over the greater part of Europe—and the incident was a seven-day wonder. That achievement, sensational as it was, has been eclipsed several times since. Madame Melba sang into the Marconi instrument at Chelmsford, England, and her songs were picked up by amateurs with wireless apparatus 700 and 800 miles away—in capitals so widely separated as Paris, Rome, Warsaw, Madrid, Berlin, Stockholm, Christiania. The concert began at quarter past seven, and it was opened by a beautiful long trill by Madame Melba which served notice to the listening world of Europe that the entertainment was on. Then followed "Home, Sweet Home" and several songs of Puccini's.

The concert was declared a great success all over the continent, and it was enjoyed by everyone present.

The incident made good newspaper reading, but it created no stir in scientific circles. Like incidents had occurred at various times, and in various places. A short time after there was a demonstration in wireless telephone transmission from



Photograph by Bevo News Service

MELBA SINGING FOR ALL EUROPE

Chelmsford to Denmark which was picked up readily by the experimental station at Signal Hall, St. John's, Newfoundland. A short concert by the Danish singer, Melchior, was distinctly heard at St. John's—as well as the conversation that followed between Denmark and Chelmsford. Now St. John's and Chelmsford are 2,673 miles apart, so this is nearly four times better than the Melba incident.

Beside the Melba picture we show here the great wireless wonder-worker, Lee De Forest, talking at ease over a space of a thousand miles. We may regard him as addressing the world—for that is now possible. A few days after we had written the foregoing words, the news was printed that a wireless message had been sent from the new Lafayette station at Bordeaux, France, that had gone "round the world." As a matter of fact, the new station had a sending power of only half the distance, but the message went *east as well as west*, and, so, met itself half way around the earth. The "voice around the world" will soon be heard. Puck in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" flashes away into space with the cry, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Some day soon, we can, like Mr. De Forest, stand at a wireless telephone instrument, as pictured here, out-strip Puck, and leave him far behind in circling the earth. In that day one may cast his words upon the ether and have them return to him around the world.—*A. A. Hopkins*



Photograph by Paul Thompson

LEE DE FOREST TALKING TO THE WORLD

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

OLYMPIA was not a city, but a sanctuary. The ancient Greeks were worshipers of beauty and valor; their games were a religion to them. To the Greeks, Olympia was the concrete expression of the principle that the body should be glorified as well as the soul and the mind, and that by the discipline of both body and intellect men best honored Zeus, the Supreme Deity.

The Games were held every four years on the Olympian plain, "the fairest spot in Greece," on the bank of the River Alpheus. A youth named Heracles and his four brothers were wont to run foot races, and these races, legend says, were the real beginning of the Olympic Games. An olive tree that was planted near the Temple of Zeus at Olympia yielded leaves for the crowns of the conquerors.

Every fourth year, some time between the first part of August and the middle of September, the roads of Greece were a-teen with the brilliant cortege of embassies appointed by all the native states, and with bands of pilgrims, officials, poets, orators, artists and musicians, whose steps were turned expectantly toward the vale of Olympia.

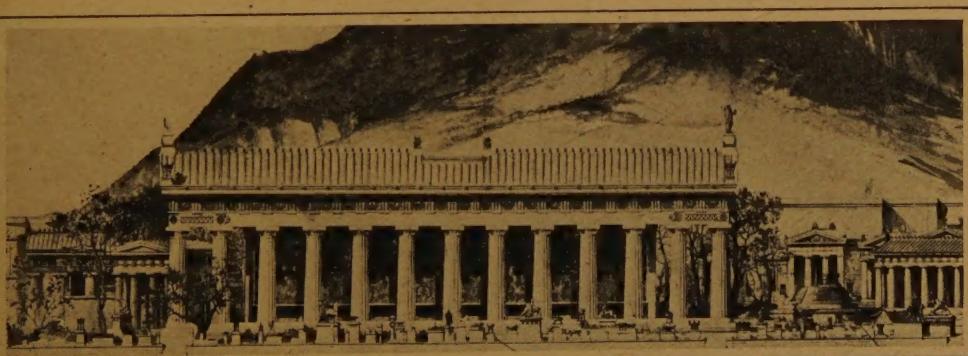
The Games lasted five days. Before the first event the athletes gathered in front of the statue of Zeus and made their prayer for victory. Among the most popular events in the stadium, near the temple were foot

races, wrestling and boxing. In the hippodrome, which was of immense size, forty chariots sometimes raced apace. In these contests the prizes were given to the horses that won, and not to the drivers. On the last day of the festival the victors were crowned, and there were processions and feasts, and music and dancing. The best Greek poets recited triumphal odes at banquets in honor of the conquerors. Within the sacred enclosure was a space filled with statues erected to victors—a spectacular open-air hall of athletic fame.

The religious and festive rites of Olympia came to an end in 394 A. D. War and the elements demolished the splendid sanctuary. Comparatively recent scientific search has disclosed its outline and foundation. Almost to the year, fifteen centuries after the final race was run in the stadium at Olympia, a group of European sportsmen organized an international athletic meet, which was held in Athens, in a magnificent new marble stadium. Six times the modern Olympic Games have been celebrated—at Athens, Paris, St. Louis, London, Stockholm, and Antwerp. More frequently than to the entrants of any other country the awards for superior bravery, strength and skill have gone to the representatives of the United States. Thus the youth of the New World carry on the traditions of the Old.—*J. Parker Ross*



THE DISCUS THROWER



SCENE OF THE OLYMPIAN GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE

LARGE BUILDING IN THE CENTER IS THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS. THE OLIVE TREE IS AT THE LEFT, FROM WHICH THE VICTORS' CROWNS OF WILD OLIVE WERE TAKEN

THE OPEN LETTER

With the present number we enter upon a larger and broader field of Mentor Service. It means that we shall now realize many things that we have planned. Opportunity has opened the door, and pointed the way; it is our privilege to make the most of it.

Making the most of one's self is the keynote of Mentor Service. In the appreciation of Mr. W. D. Howells, printed on another page, attention is called to the fact that he was inspired, from earliest years, by a purpose to "make the most and best of life." That is the aim and purpose of The Mentor—to develop an interest in, and a fuller understanding of the finer things of life.

* * *

Men and women of the right sort are very much interested in making the most of themselves. They want to know how to think clearly, judge justly, and act wisely. They want to acquire that mental balance, self-confidence and intelligent decision that commands the respect of others, and makes for success. Real success in life does not come to the man that seeks the secrets of *success*, but the one that seeks the secrets of *life*.

* * *

"I know how to make a living, that's enough for me," is a selfish, cynical creed. The beasts of the field know where and how to get food and drink. What credit or satisfaction is there in that? Even knowing many things does not, of itself, bring full

satisfaction and happiness. It is only the man who, like W. D. Howells, seeks eagerly to know things because he wants to *enter completely into life*, to understand it, and to enjoy its fullness and beauty, that really makes the most of himself.

In opening this new chapter in The Mentor history, we pledge ourselves anew to our original purpose and ideal, and we reaffirm the faith underlying the Mentor Service. Life means much more than a bitter fight in the market-place. Mankind has a desire for something finer than mere material gain. We resent the dyspeptic philosopher who pictured humanity as "a jar filled with vipers, each one striving to get its head above the rest." Poetry and Art do not bloom in a jar of vipers.

* * *

If life is simply a selfish struggle to *make a living*, how can it be *really worth living*? If

life brings no joy or satisfaction in the appreciation of beautiful things, what a miserable, sordid existence it must be, indeed! There is surely something better in the game than merely learning how to grab all we can and do the other man.

* * *

There is practical instruction a-plenty that deals with the plain job of *making a living*. The Mentor is devoted to the purpose of *making the most of life*.

W. D. Howells
EDITO

NOVEMBER MENTOR THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

An interesting and informing account of the origin of the Pilgrim Fathers and their venturesome trip across the seas in search of a land of freedom. By Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University. Fully illustrated.

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Pilgrim Hall and The Pilgrim Society.

The First Thanksgiving and the First Dinner.

Pilgrims in Art.

ART—"Prairie Architecture"—an article on the latest thing in architectural style.

MUSIC—"Grand Opera—Our Music Luxury," an interesting consideration of the elements and conditions that go to make up Grand Opera.

POPULAR SCIENCE—"The Month of Meteors"—an account of what you may expect to see in the sky in the way of "heavenly flashlights" during November.

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OPEN LETTER—By the Editor. "Raising One's-self by One's Mental Bootstraps."

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"With every good wish for the continued success of 'The Mentor,' I am

Very cordially yours,

Mrs. L— W— L—

Glen Ellyn, Ill."

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